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# The King of Timbuctoo



Leon O. Mumford

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**THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY**  
PHILADELPHIA

# The King of Timbuctoo

*A Musical Farce in Two Acts*

By  
LEON O. MUMFORD



PHILADELPHIA  
THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY  
1914

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The King of Timbuctoo

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# The King of Timbuctoo

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## CAST OF CHARACTERS

PRINCE DE KACIACK . . .	<i>His Noble Princelets, heir to the throne</i>
PROF. CONIC SECTIONS . . . . .	<i>of the Yale Faculty</i>
PIPER HEIDSEICK . . . . .	<i>keeper of the Dew Drop Inn</i>
WILLIAM SLICK . . . . .	<i>a show man looking for a one night stand</i>
GENERAL NASTICUS . . . . .	<i>commander of the Royal Army</i>
GINGER . . . . .	<i>Lord High Chambermaid to His Majesty</i>
MARIE FLEURDELIS . . . . .	<i>a New York belle who saves the King's life</i>
PRINCESS NIKITA . . . . .	<i>daughter of the King</i>
STELLA FOXEY . . . . .	<i>Slick's wife</i>
RITA CONIC SECTIONS . . . . .	<i>a "New Woman" wedded to the Professor</i>
LILL . . . . .	<i>from St. Louis</i>
PANSY BLOSSOM . . . . .	<i>from New England</i>
VIOLET DARE . . . . .	<i>a "Frisco" maiden</i>
GOLDIE GLOW . . . . .	<i>from the Sunny South</i>
AND	
THE KING . . . . .	<i>whose days are numbered in more ways than one</i>

TIME:—TWO HOURS.

## SYNOPSIS

ACT I. THE CHILL. On Broadway at Coomassi, the seaport town of Timbuctoo.

ACT II. THE FEVER. The same scene.

## Notice to Professionals

This play is published for amateurs only. Professional copies may be obtained by addressing the author, L. O. MUMFORD, Suite III, Arcade Theatre Building, Newark, N. J.

## STORY OF THE PLAY

The action takes place in the kingdom of Timbuctoo, in darkest Africa, and the time is about the month of July, next summer. The author freely admits that the play is not geographically or politically correct. The plot, which can be found with a powerful microscope, is simply the hunt for a happy woman. The constitution of the kingdom demands that the ruler find such a person in a certain given time, or be beheaded. At the time there are a number of Americans visiting Timbuctoo, who join the natives in their search in order to save their popular ruler. Nearly everybody has his own method of solving the problem, and all are funny.

Although songs are indicated in the text they may be omitted, and the farce given entirely without music, if preferred.

## COSTUMES

**THE KING.** Yellow or light brown complexion and hands. Act I. Pair of blue overalls. Red undershirt. White shirt bosom or dickey. Alarm clock hung around neck. Large brass rings in ears and nose. Dilapidated high hat on head. The right foot in a high-top cavalier or "swash-buckler" boot. The left an ordinary house slipper. Act II. Attired in any elaborate "court" or "king" costume of bright colors. Avoid burlesque appearance. Of course doublet and hose or tights are permissible. However, retain rings in nose and ears.

**PRINCE DE KACIACK.** White face character. May be played by either a man or a girl. Act I. A suit of white flannels. Coat, trousers, shirt, belt, white yachting cap, white shoes, necktie of bright color. Act II. Regulation court, prince's or page suit throughout act.

**PROF. CONIC SECTIONS.** A man of about sixty. Gray-haired. Wears glasses. Dressed as a tourist, with Soudan or cork helmet and gaiters. Carries a butterfly net and basket thrown over shoulder. A large sized magnifying glass hangs from cord around his neck. Dressed in this manner during both acts.

**PIPER HEIDSEICK.** Florid complexion and red wig. Act I. Dressed in a white coat and apron. Act II. Pros-



perous business man's suit of linen, blue serge, or light gray tweeds.

**WILLIAM SLICK.** Smooth face. Flashily dressed, with high hat. Display of diamonds as rings, pins, and studs. High hat and linen automobile coat. Same dress during both acts.

**GINGER.** Black face character. Black tights, with knee length white flaring skirt from waist. Short woolly wig. Practically same costume during both acts, except that for a short time he appears in woman's attire.

**GENERAL NASTICUS.** Dark complexion—though not black, brown or yellow. Big tow wig with hair standing up. An inverted tin cuspidor worn on head as helmet with strap under chin. Wash boiler covers front and back as suit of armor, fastened with straps over shoulders. Attired in red tights with trunks to match. Sponges along shins and sides of legs as well as arms to make muscles appear ridiculous. A horse's interfering knee boot on right knee. An ankle boot on left leg. Carries a big sword.

When he appears as **WILLIE GREEN**, dress the character as an effeminate man. Straw hat with pink band. White duck pants. Blue serge coat. Pink shirt and tie. Fancy stockings and patent leather dancing pumps. Carry a little cane and wear a monocle.

**MARIE FLEURDELIS** should be a blonde, fashionably attired in various bright colored and airy summer costumes as occasion requires. Change as much as possible for each appearance on the stage. First appearance some attractive traveling costume. Her traveling companions—**PANSY BLOSSOM**, **LILL**, **VIOLET DARE**, and **GOLDIE GLOW**—should wear similar costumes, but not so elaborate as that of Marie. As the "Twentieth Century Girls" they wear mannish costumes somewhat like Rita's. As the dolls they dress in childish fashion.

**PRINCESS NIKITA** should be a decided brunette. Picturesquely attired in gypsy or Spanish costume, with a change more elaborate as if in holiday attire, in Act II.

**STELLA FOXEY** should be a bleached blonde, inclined to be stout. Flashily dressed—but not with the same good taste as Marie. Her first appearance should be in automobile attire.

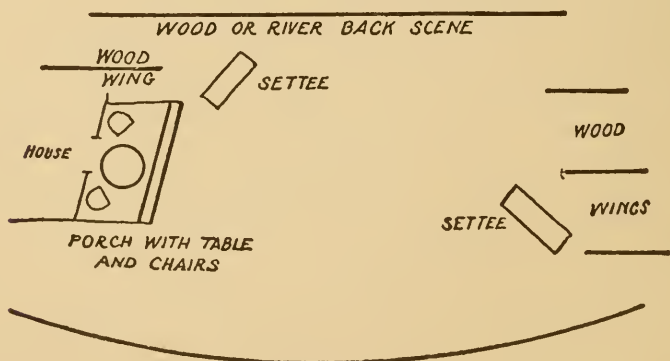
**RITA CONIC SECTIONS** should be a brunette, and ape man's attire. Hair done up close to head, and parted in

the middle. Wears a shiny high silk hat. Man's collar—shirt bosom—and red four in-hand-tie with small though brilliant diamond scarf pin. Link cuffs. A coat semi-fitting back but cut like a man's sack coat, with lapels. Fancy red vest. Close fitting black skirt about ankle length. Mannish shoes. Carries a cane and lorgnette. Same dress all the way through both acts. In Act II may wear a dark red or green satin costume with vest, tie of a contrasting color, and carry a small cane with ribbons to match.

## PROPERTIES

Wheelbarrow, clothes-basket, drum, sword, wooden or toy guns, tin saucepans (used as helmets), large American flag, hand-saw, tack hammer, silk handkerchief, watch, lantern, bouquet of artificial flowers, shotgun, several shabby men's hats, paper money, very large envelope with red heart-shaped seal, newspaper, handkerchief, watchman's rattle (or other noisy toy) dress suit case, four fishing poles, with lines and hooks, apple, orange, pair of woman's gloves, one woman's hat, four small boxes, folded paper, crown and sceptre, two red cushions, throne. The latter may be simply a large chair covered with red cloth and set on platform to be rolled or carried on stage.

## SCENE PLOT



SCENE.—On Broadway in Timbuctoo. Full stage with wood or river back scene. Wood wings. Set house, r. (may be omitted), with porch. House bears sign "Dew Drop Inn." Table and chairs on porch. Settees and chairs r. and l. as though scattered on a hotel lawn.

# The King of Timbuctoo

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## ACT I

### THE CHILL

SCENE.—*On Broadway in Timbuctoo. Full stage with wood background or river scene. Wood wings at all entrances except R. I E. Here should be a set house two stories high with a porch having displayed on it a sign "Dew Drop Inn." A table and two chairs should be on the porch. Settees and chairs should be arranged about stage as if it were a lawn of the hotel.*

(*At rise of curtain PROF. CONIC SECTIONS, his wife, and the American girls should be seated about the stage, walking about, standing together and talking but dressed for traveling as if they had just arrived. All join in some late or appropriate song and chorus for an opening. The "Song of the Diligence" from "Panjandrum" is suggested. The remainder of company assist from the wings. Sing all verses and choruses through once, but repeat each chorus. Repeat the last chorus a third time.*)

(*PIPER HEIDSEICK enters at R., from house.*)

PIPER. Good-morning, ladies and gentlemen. Ye be afther looking as bright as a daisy this fine morning.

PROF. Good-morning, landlord. Did you inform the King of our arrival?

PIPER. Yis, indade Oi did. An' his missenger just brought me word a-saying as how he would be here to-day to see you.

PROF. That is very kind of his Royal Highness, as I am very anxious to meet him.

RITA CONIC SECTIONS. Girls, do you hear that? The King is coming.

ALL. Isn't that jolly?

PANSY BLOSSOM. We must make ready to receive the King properly.

VIOLET DARE. Come on, girls.

*(If no music be used, girls exeunt L. If music is used all come down front. MARIE FLEURDELIS and RITA in center. VIOLET and PANSY at the left of them. GOLDIE GLOW and LILL at the right. PIPER at the right of ladies. The PROF. at the left. Sing last chorus, girls all dancing off arm in arm at L. 2 E., after repeating the chorus. PIPER enters the house. PROF. starts to leave at L. U. E. RITA reënters at L. 2 E.)*

RITA. Peter—Peter! Now where are you going?

PROF. *(stopping and turning)*. I have just discovered a new plant for my botany collection, my dear.

RITA *(stamping her foot)*. Don't you "my dear" me! I wish to go sailing and you must take me.

PROF. Yes, my dear, but —

*(Comes down C. to RITA.)*

RITA. There is no "but" about it. You forget, sir, that I am a new woman—and you are a mere man. *(Enter PIPER from house.)* So, sir, you may as well understand right now that my "wishes" are first to be considered and yours afterward. Do you understand?

PROF. *(meekly)*. Yes, my dear —

RITA. Then come along. *(Takes hold of him.)* This "my dear" business makes me tired.

*(Drags him off at L. 2 E.)*

*(As they exit PIPER crosses to C., and looks after them, then turns to audience.)*

PIPER. There is the new woman for you. Why, she is worse than my poor departed Bridget ever was. *(Sobs.)* Why, we were the most loving couple you ever saw. *(Sobs.)* We would stand for hours in the morning *(sobbing)* after I had been out all night with the boys, I a-holding her lily white hand—as big as a "ham." *(Sobs.)* Oh—oh—that lovely hand made so white from taking in washings. *(Holds his hand and sways back and forth.)* Yis, an' Oi don't think it was unmanly either—because—I had to hold her hand to keep her from swiping me with the stove lid.

(PRINCE DE KACIACK *enters at R. U. E.*)

PRINCE. Hello, Irish! How are you? Has his royal joblots showed up yet?

PIPER (*annoyed*). Don't call me Irish! (*Turns.*) Oh—so it is you, my noble princelet. (*Bows low.*) I suppose ye mane yer father. No, he has not arrived as yet. But a messenger blowed in this morning saying as how he was coming to town to-day.

PRINCE (*crossing down L.*). Oh, yes, he's coming—on a tour of investigation.

PIPER (*looking scared*). What now?

PRINCE. Pork. There's a great deal of it used on the ships in our navy, you know.

PIPER. Sure—salt pork. What of that?

PRINCE. The governor wants to know when pork was first introduced on board ship.

PIPER. That's easy.

PRINCE. What's the answer?

PIPER. When Noah took Ham into the Ark.

PRINCE. I guess you're even. But all this talk about pork makes me hungry. I'll call it square if you will fix me out with a lunch in that hash ranch of yours.

PIPER. To be sure; we always have a bite of something.

(*Exit into house.*)

PRINCE (*strolling up on the porch and taking seat at table*). Well, trot something out lively. And, oh—I say, Irish—

PIPER (*sticking his head out of the door*). Don't call me Irish.

PRINCE. Don't forget to shave the butter. The last time its golden locks were hanging down its back. (*MARIE enters at R. I E., and slowly strolls across stage to L. PRINCE starts—sitting up straight.*) Ah, by Jove! there's a peach. We don't grow many of them in Timbuctoo. (*Rises.*) I wonder who she is? (*Starts down steps.*) Ah there, my box of bonbons.

MARIE (*stopping and turning*). Pardon me, sir, did you address me?

PRINCE (*quickly crossing to her side*). Yes, my little fairy queen. Where are you going?

MARIE. I don't know you, sir. We've never been introduced.



PRINCE. Oh; that is easily remedied. I am De Kaciack—and you?

MARIE (*aside*). The Prince—how jolly! (*To the PRINCE.*) I am Marie Fleurdelis.

PRINCE. I always did love that name Marie. Do you know I was just waiting for you?

MARIE. Oh, Your Highness! You didn't know me.

PRINCE. That's the funny part of it. I knew you as soon as I saw you.

(*A flirtation solo or duet may be introduced here. "Where are you going, my pretty maid," from "Wang," is suggested.*)

MARIE (*laughing*). Dear me, what a swift person you are.

(*Goes up L.*)

PRINCE. Swift! You haven't seen me really move yet. (*Follows her.*) May I walk with you?

MARIE. I didn't say yes.

PRINCE (*still following*). But you didn't say no.

(*Exeunt the PRINCE and MARIE, L. U. E. May sing last chorus of their song before exit.*)

(*Lively march music. Enter R., the KING, and party. PRINCESS NIKITA comes first, attired in yellow bloomers and Eton jacket, playing a "tom-tom" or small drum with snares off. Next, GENERAL NASTICUS, marching erect, carrying his big sword. Following him the KING in a wheelbarrow with a clothes-basket tied on in front with GINGER wheeling the barrow. As the barrow reaches the stage at C. D. F. GINGER spills the KING out sprawling.*)

KING (*sitting up; looking around; feeling himself all over; satisfied that no bones are broken; addressing GINGER*). This thing has got to stop. (*Pause.*) Is this the way to treat his Royal Highness? Dumping him from his royal chariot in this unceremonious manner—as if he were so much rubbish?

GINGER. Did it hurt you?

KING. Did it hurt me! I'll show you. Does it hurt my Royal Dignity to grovel in the dust in this manner—like the lowest of my subjects? (*PIPER rushes out from the*



*hotel and assists the KING to arise. PROF. and RITA follow PIPER from the hotel. All the others come from behind house at first and second entrance and form a group about the porch.)* Now, you imp of darkness, begone! Take the royal chariot to the stables. Have the horses rubbed down and fed. And don't you show your inky countenance in daylight again until I send for you. Do you hear?

GINGER. Say, you ain't mad or anything, are you?

KING. You get right out of here.

GINGER. Yes, Your Majesty.

*(Exits with wheelbarrow at R. I E.)*

*(A song by the KING will be effective here. In it the KING introduces himself as the ruler of Timbuctoo. Chorus after each stanza.)*

KING. Ho, I say, Irish.

PIPER. Don't call me Irish.

KING. Well, then, Emerald Isle. Have you seen that young hopeful of mine? He said he was coming to town this morning.

PIPER. Your Majesty does me great honor. There is the Prince coming now, sir.

*(The PRINCE and MARIE enter at L. U. E. and slowly come down front.)*

KING *(turning and looking)*. Ah—so he is. With a butterfly, as usual. *(Faces.)* What will the country come to when the crown rests on his brow and the state on his shoulders? Come here, you young rascal! *(The PRINCE bows to MARIE and crosses to the KING. MARIE joins the party at steps of hotel.)* Why were you not here to meet me? *(Aside.)* Introduce me to your friends.

*(Winks at MARIE.)*

PRINCE. Ladies and gentlemen, His Majesty, the King of Timbuctoo.

*(GINGER enters at L. I E. walking backward, looking and waving his hand as though flirting; continues backing up just as the KING comes bowing left and right to the others. At each bow GINGER also bows off L. and they bump into each other.)*

KING. This thing has got to stop. (GINGER *runs to chair or settee at L. The KING stops bowing and faces GINGER.*) Sit down.

GINGER (*doing so*). Yes, sir.

KING (*quickly*). Stand up.

GINGER (*rising*). Yes, Your Majesty.

KING. Sit down, I say.

GINGER (*sitting*). Just as you say.

KING (*giving orders rapidly*). Stand up.—Sit down.—Stand up.—Sit down.—Sit up.—Stand down—— (*Excited.*) Sit—stand—sit—stand—sit—stand—sit—stand—sit—stand—sit—— (GINGER *keeps sitting and standing as rapidly as the orders are given.*) This thing has got to stop.

GINGER (*sitting down with a sigh of relief*). With the greatest of pleasure, boss.

KING. You pass right out of here.

GINGER. I hasten to obey your commands, Your Majesty. (*Rises slowly, and with equal slowness marches out; while doing so keeps repeating the following to the same time, as if marking time to march with a drum.*) Hoo-ray. Hoo-ray. Hoo-ray. Hully-gee. Hully-gee. Hoo-ray.

(*Repeat until exit at L. 1 E.*)

(*During the KING'S controversy with GINGER, PIPER crosses to L. and exit. Changes his coat to a military uniform and with WILLIAM SLICK and GINGER, similarly attired, using tin pails or saucepans for helmets and wooden guns, appears as the Royal Guards, when NASTICUS is sent for them.*)

KING (*turning to the PRINCE*). Who is that little lady?

PRINCE. Why, that is Marie Fleurdelis—an American heiress that I met this morning.

KING. Phew—an American heiress, did you say? Don't lose her, my boy—don't lose her. Freeze right on to her. The state needs the money.

PRINCE. Ah, perhaps she won't see it in that light.

KING. Won't she? Well, I guess she will. (MARIE *comes down c.*) I'll talk to her myself. I'll—— (Sees MARIE.) Oh—ah—my dear, I was just saying how lovely the autumn leaves are this year.

MARIE. Oh, aren't you afraid to tell such fibs?

KING. Who, me? I'm not afraid of anything.

MARIE. Not even a pretty girl?

KING. No—not even of you. The Timbuctians are a brave race. Nothing frightens us—nothing.

*(Loud noise off L. The KING and the PRINCE rush into each other's arms, shaking with fright.)*

PRINCE. Good gracious, what was that?

MARIE *(laughing)*. Another tire gone!

KING. I—I'm afraid the army has revolted!

MARIE. The army? Oh, have you an army?

KING. Of course.

MARIE. How nice. May I have it to play with?

KING. Certainly, my dear. *(To NASTICUS.)* Nasticus, bring in the army and wind it up. But make sure it's in a good humor.

NASTICUS. Trust me, Your Majesty.

*(Exit, L.)*

KING *(leading MARIE to chair up R.)*. Let's sit down. There's nothing makes me so tired as the army. *(Enter L., the army, consisting of NASTICUS, NIKITA, PIPER, GINGER and SLICK. NIKITA marks time with her drum. March across stage L. to R. and across again, coming down front in a line facing audience. Shot heard off L. SLICK drops his gun and runs off L. 2 E. The KING jumps, and grabs PROF.)* This thing has got to stop. Where's that fellow going?

NASTICUS. After him, Ginger, and bring him back.

*(Exit GINGER, at L. 2 E.)*

KING. There's bravery for you. A war wouldn't last long in this country if all the soldiers are like that fellow.

*(GINGER and SLICK reënter at L. 2 E.)*

SLICK. Is the war over?

KING *(rising and coming down front)*. Where the dickens were you running to?

SLICK. I was practicing a retreat.

KING. A fine soldier you'll make.

SLICK. Well, I didn't join the guards to be shot at.

KING. What did you join for?

SLICK. For three dollars a year and found.

KING. And a nice time they'd have finding you. (*To GINGER.*) What did you join the guards for, Ginger?

GINGER. I want to see the country.

(*The KING returns to his seat with PROF.*)

NASTICUS. Attention! Eyes right!

SLICK. My eyes are all right.

GINGER. My eyes are all left.

NASTICUS. How do you make that out?

GINGER. My eyes are all left because I haven't lost them.

NASTICUS. Attention! Carry arms! (*The army all take their guns in their arms.*) Attention! Right shoulder shift arms!

(*The army all exchange guns with each other.*)

KING. What are you doing?

PIPER. Shifting arms.

KING. I'll have you all shifted into the guard house.

NASTICUS. Attention! Left shoulder arms. (*The army all awkwardly place guns over different shoulders.*) Attention! Present arms!

(*The army all rush up to him and hold out the guns for him to take.*)

KING. What the deuce are you doing now?

GINGER. Presenting arms.

KING. Now aren't they the governor's little things?

NASTICUS. Attention! Rest arms.

(*The army all sit down suddenly.*)

KING. And what do you call that?

SLICK. Resting arms.

KING. Get up out of that. The enemy would have an easy job getting rid of you without firing a shot.

NASTICUS. On your feet. (*They all stand up.*) About face. (*They all turn around, but each a different way, and GINGER turns around two or three times, first one way then the other.*) January—February—March. (*They march up stage.*) Whoa! (*They stop.*) Show your faces. (*They*

*turn around as before.*) April—May—March. (*They march down front.*) Whoa! (*They stop.*) Take aim! (*They hold guns as if to shoot.*) Fire! (*All drop guns and run out.*) Dinner's ready! (*All come running in.*)

KING. Now they can be found.

NASTICUS. On the bread line. (*They form in line with backs to audience.*) Back up. (*They march backward and pick up their guns.*) Whoa! (*They stop.*) Your faces to the ladies. (*Turn and face the audience.*)

KING. Now let us hear you sing the song of the regiment. (*Song and chorus may be introduced here. The last chorus full of discords. KING to NASTICUS.*) This thing has got to stop. They are a nice lot of soldiers, I don't think. You must feel proud of them. Take your guards and get right out of here. (*The army with NIKITA at the head beating time, then NASTICUS, followed by the others in single file, march off L. U. E. MARIE and the PRINCE stroll off R. U. E. All the others enter house by door or exit at entrances R. 1 and 2. March played by the orchestra. PROF. looks at the KING and laughs.*) Well, what are you laughing at? This thing has got to stop.

PROF. If Your Majesty will pardon my being personal—your feet are not mates.

KING (*looking at his feet*). You are right. I forgot to keep my best foot forward.

(*Changes his feet so that the one in the boot is in advance of the slippered one.*)

PROF. Your valet must be getting very careless.

KING. It isn't his fault. It is my uncle's.

PROF. Your uncle? I never heard you had one.

KING. That is not strange. There are some things that a college student could teach a college professor.

(*Whispers in PROF.'s ear.*)

PROF. Ah, I see; your uncle is the man who has three golden balls for a coat of arms.

KING. Exactly—you grasp the idea. But what do you think of my horseless carriage?

PROF. Your horseless carriage?

KING. Yes, my royal chariot, propelled by my Black Diamond.



PROF. (*laughing*). It doesn't burn much gasoline.

RITA (*heard off*). Professor! Pro-fes-sor!

KING (*sinking into chair*). Help! I'm assassinated. What was that?

PROF. Only my wife calling me.

KING. Let her call.

PROF. Oh, no, I must go, really.

KING. I'd like to see the woman could run me like that.

PROF. Say, were you ever married?

KING. Not much—I mean not many—that is, very seldom.

PROF. Then you don't know these new women.

KING. No; what do they want?

PROF. Oh, they want everything—power, place, political influence. They want the big things of life. The trivial things no longer interest them. They——

RITA (*angrily*). Pro-fes-sor!

PROF. Yes, my love; what do you wish?

RITA. Come here at once and hook up my dress in the back.

PROF. Yes, my dear; yes. (*Hurries out R.*)

KING. It's the same old woman.

(*Specialty by the KING, if desired. The KING goes to porch.*)

(*Enter SLICK, R. U. E.*)

SLICK (*calling off R.*). Come on, Stella. This is the place.

KING. Well, well, who opened the door and let that in?

STELLA FOXEY. Will-um—Will-um—Will-um! Wait for me. Somebody will steal me.

SLICK. No such good luck. (*To STELLA.*) Hurry up, Stell—here's a hash foundry. Now all we need is a meal ticket.

(*Enter STELLA, R. U. E.*)

STELLA. Ah, Will-um, that delicious aroma of ham and eggs. Are those real eggs?

SLICK. I have my doubts. Pork and beans for mine.

(*They both rush to the hotel steps to be met by the KING.*)

KING. Huh—throw up your hands. (*Uses his hand like a revolver. SLICK and STELLA stop.*) Down upon your knees. This thing has got to stop.



(SLICK and STELLA both drop on their knees and hold their hands up.)

STELLA. We're kilt. We're kilt. Why did I ever leave Boston?

SLICK. Hush, Stell, you're making too much noise for a corpse. Leave that noise business for the mourners.

KING. Grovel in the dust, you pale-faced intruders.

STELLA. He is no gentleman. (*Bows.*)

SLICK. Don't you care what he says as long as he doesn't tie you to a stake and roast you alive. (*Bows.*)

KING. What do you mean by entering my presence in this manner? I—the King of Timbuctoo.

SLICK (*rising and rushing up to him*). Ah there, Your Majesty. I didn't recognize you at first. (*To STELLA.*) It's the King.

KING. Who are you?

SLICK. I'm the ace of diamonds. Shake.

KING. This thing has got to stop right here. Down, dog. (SLICK *kneels again by STELLA's side.*) Crawl to me on your hands and knees. (*They do as directed.*) Now you may kiss my hand. (*They do so.*) Now rise and explain who you are—state your business—and say where you're going when you die.

STELLA. Dye—did he say? Never—not after all I spent to get my hair bleached yellow.

SLICK. I am William Slick. Bill for short. I'm a showman.

KING. Weren't you in my army?

SLICK. Certainly, Your Majesty. I'll try anything once. This is Stella Foxey, America's greatest prima donna and—unfortunately for me—my wife. We're out here getting atmosphere for our next production.

KING. How did you get here?

SLICK. The sun burnt a hole in the roof of our air-ship. The ship went to the bottom of the atmosphere, and we found ourselves in Timbuctoo.

KING. What kind of a showman are you?

SLICK. The real kind. I'm a joy starter—a benefactor.

KING. That listens good. Elucidate.

SLICK. I make two blades of fun grow where there was only one ingrowing gloom.

KING. Do you? (*Looks gloomy.*) Go ahead. Make me laugh.

SLICK. Oh, first, Your Majesty, I must read your mind, and find what you will laugh at.

KING. Can you read minds?

SLICK. Of course, Your Majesty. It's our feature act.

KING. A slick trick, eh?

SLICK. It's no trick, Your Majesty. Shall I prove it to you? I'll show you what's on your mind right this instant.

KING. Go as far as you like.

SLICK. Allow me. (*Takes off the KING's hat and hands it to him.*) There it is, Your Majesty.

KING. What?

SLICK. What you had on your mind.

KING. You're all right. I may not have you boiled in oil after all. What does she do? (*Points to STELLA.*)

SLICK. Why, she's endowed with the astral soul which leaves its earthly abode, soars among the spheres, and returns to her laden with messages from those that have gone before. She quickly scans the pages of one's life, and tells you every act of yours from the day you were born up to and including the present moment.

KING. Oh, pshaw, I don't believe that.

SLICK. I'll prove it to you.

KING. Well, I know all about my past, and don't care having you telling it right out loud here in front of the hotel. How about the future or the present?

SLICK. All right, I'll give you a reading. (*Takes a chair, places it in center of stage D. F. Places STELLA in it facing the audience. Goes through the motions of placing her under the influence of a hypnotic sleep, talking ad lib. while doing so. STELLA takes a seat in the chair. At first stares at SLICK as if fighting off the hypnotic influence, but gradually nods, closes her eyes, muscles relax and she feigns sleep. Then SLICK drapes her with a large American flag or large bright or Oriental cloth, fully enveloping the body in front. Then he crosses to L. I E., and picks up the various articles named, crosses in front of her and waves each article in the air over her head. Quickly asks.*) What kind of a hand-saw have I in my hand now?

STELLA. A hand-saw.

SLICK (*holding it up impressively*). A hand-saw!

KING. Hold on. Let me look at that. (*Comes down*

*and takes hand-saw.*) That's right. A real hand-saw, ain't it? I don't see how she saw it.

SLICK (*business as before*). What kind of a tack hammer have I in my hand now?

STELLA. A tack hammer.

KING (*after examining it as before*). That's right. Every knock is a boost.

SLICK (*same business*). What kind of a silk handkerchief have I in my hand now?

STELLA. A silk handkerchief.

KING. Immense.

SLICK (*repeating business*). What kind of a Waterbury watch have I in my hand now?

STELLA. Waterbury watch.

SLICK (*quickly taking hold of KING*). What king am I touching now?

STELLA. The King of Timbuctoo.

*(These questions and answers must be given quickly.)*

SLICK (*to the KING*). Do you like the show?

KING. Do I? You bet I do, and you are just the man I want.

SLICK. I am yours forever if there is any dough in it.

KING. There are millions in it. May I see you alone?

SLICK. Why, cert—just you wait a minute. (*Removes the covering from STELLA and awakens her by snapping his fingers and rubbing her hands. STELLA moves a little at first. Then a big shiver. Opens her eyes. Stares around in a bewildered manner.*) You go right into the tavern, Stell, and order the best the house affords. Tell them it's on the King.

KING. Well, all right. (*Exit STELLA into house at R.*) Maybe I'll never pay the bill.

SLICK. What do you mean?

KING. Are we alone?

SLICK. Yes, I am with you.

*(Business of saying "s-s-s-h," as he grabs the KING by the hand and softly tiptoes to various entrances at L. and R., and repeats "s-s-s-h" at each entrance. Then both come down C. to front.)*

KING. Then listen. According to the Constitution of Timbuctoo I am allowed to reign only twenty-five years, at the expiration of which I retire on half pay ——

SLICK. Well, that's more than they do for a President of the United States. They hide him in a college or let him go hang himself.

KING. And the throne goes to the next heir—my son—the Prince De Kaciack ——

SLICK. Well, you should worry and get a red nose. The job's still in the family.

KING. But the worst is yet to come.

SLICK. What?

KING. Unless I can produce a happy woman—whether a native or foreign born, it matters not which—I lose not only my crown, but my head. Now my reign will terminate in thirty days, and I want you to find the happy woman.

SLICK. Oh, that'll be dead easy.

KING. If you are successful I will give you four hundred thousand piasters, and I will make you the Prime Minister of Timbuctoo. But ——

SLICK. How these buts keep “buttin' in.” Go on.

KING. If you fail, you lose your head as well as I do mine.

SLICK (*making a motion of cutting off his head*). Say, can't you cut that part out? It is unconstitutional to my constitution.

KING. Those are the terms. Do you accept?

SLICK. You bet I do. (*Grasps the KING's hand and shakes it hard, fast and furious.*) There's my hand on it. It's the best winning proposition I ever went up against. Why, it's a lead pipe cinch. (*The KING gets his hand loose and stands trying to pull the numbness out of his fingers.*) Let's shake again.

KING. No, thank you—I'm no admirer of the “Grizzly Bear Hug.”

SLICK. All right. I accept the proposition anyway.

KING. You've got to make good, or —— (*They both draw fingers across throats.* PIPER enters at L. I E. KING to PIPER.) Hello, Irish.

PIPER. Don't call me Irish.

KING. Well, me Ambassador from Cork, give this man the best the house affords, and charge it up to the “Nobility.”

PIPER. All right—just as you say.

(*Bows and the KING enters the house followed by SLICK and PIPER. A drill or fancy costume dance may be introduced here by the following girls—MARIE, NIKITA, LILL, GOLDIE, PANSY and VIOLET. Something suitable may be obtained from the books of drills issued by the publishers of this play.*)

(*At the close of this number SLICK enters from house at R.*)

SLICK. Once more, Stell, we are living on the fruits of the Jersey cow.

STELLA (*following SLICK from R.*). Thank goodness—yes—and it's about time.

SLICK (*aside*). Here's where I make my four hundred thousand piasters. (*To STELLA.*) And now, of course, with all such comfort, you are happy.

STELLA. No, indeed, I am not. How could you get any such foolish notion in your head?

SLICK (*aside*). She only wants coaxing. (*To STELLA.*) Why not, pray tell?

STELLA. How can you expect anybody to be happy so far from Broadway? Why, I'd sooner live in (*local*) than here.

SLICK. Yes, it is a little dull, I will admit. But what do you care about that if you only have all you want in this world?

STELLA. But I haven't; that is just the trouble.

SLICK. What does tootsie-wootsie want now?

STELLA. Well, I want a sealskin sack.

SLICK. A sealskin sack? It is too warm to wear one here.

STELLA. And I want a diamond ring.

SLICK (*getting more and more worried*). What good would a diamond ring do you in this forsaken country? There's no place to hock it.

STELLA. Well, how can anybody be happy traveling without even a trunk?

SLICK. Don't you like the scenery?

STELLA. It won't satisfy the hunger of the stomach. Now, if I had only married Peter, instead of going on the stage —

SLICK. Peter—what Peter? Saint Peter?

STELLA. No, not Saint Peter, but Peter Conic Sections—I would now be a lady of rank and station as the wife of a member of the Harvard Faculty.



*(Exits in a huff, swishing her skirts.)*

SLICK *(imitating her)*. Wow—mee-ow—wow! What a long tail our cat has got. I wish you had your old Professor—you'd be worth 'a mint to me right now if you had married him. But where shall I find the happy woman? *(SLICK may introduce a song and specialty here. VIOLET, PANSY, GOLDIE and LILL enter R. U. E.)* Hello, here's luck. There is a whole flock of pretty girls. All of them look happy. I'm sure to find at least one in that job lot.

VIOLET. Look, girls, there is a strange man on the premises.

PANSY. Good gracious, let us call for help.

GOLDIE. Don't do it, girls. You will scare him away, and real live men are scarce.

*(They all stroll down front, arm in arm, girl fashion.)*

SLICK *(approaching them; bowing very politely)*. Pardon me, ladies—I am looking for a happy woman. Can any of you fill the bill?

VIOLET. Happy, indeed! How can anybody be happy living in this lonely country, and nobody to flirt with?

SLICK. You poor thing. How would I do? But you?

*(To PANSY.)*

PANSY. Happy—well, I should say, "Aber Nit." With the summer nearly gone, and I have received only three engagement rings.

SLICK. Now that is really too bad. Here is one I got with Green Trading Stamps.

*(Hands her a cheap diamond ring.)*

GOLDIE. I haven't been shopping for weeks and weeks, and when I think of the bargains in the stores at home —

*(Sobs.)*

SLICK. But think of the money you are saving.

LILL *(sobbing)*. And I've just received a letter from home saying poor little Fido is dead.

SLICK *(sobbing, too)*. Poor little Fido! I am sorry I spoke. *(Exeunt the girls arm in arm at R. I E. SLICK turns and watches them go off, then faces front.)*



I should have known better than to have appealed to the "Idle Rich." They have the time to dig up imaginary ailments. I'll scout around the domiciles of the lowly natives, whose time is too fully occupied in digging up a living to be unhappy.

*(Goes to porch of house R., and takes lantern from a nail there.)*

*(Enter GINGER, R. I E.)*

GINGER. I say dar, boss, what are you a-doing with that air lantern? Did you lose anything?

SLICK. No, I am only looking for a happy woman.

GINGER. What, with a lantern? That's no way to do it shuah, boss.

SLICK. Well, how would you do it?

GINGER. Just dis here way, boss. The only way to find a happy woman in Timbuctoo is to make love to her. And you'll get there every time. Your way may be all right where you come from, but it won't go here—see!

*(Enter NASTICUS, L., and listens to others unseen.)*

SLICK. A great scheme. I'll work it the next chance I get. Who'd 'a' thunk it?

*(Exit, R. NASTICUS comes down C.)*

GINGER. That air white man is plumb foolish. The idea of lookin' for a happy woman with a lantern. Why——  
*(Sees NASTICUS.)* Mah goodness, man, what you mean sneakin' roun' like dat?

NASTICUS. Hist! Why's that fellow looking for a happy woman?

GINGER. Well, I done heard 'em say the King has to have one right away, or lose his job. He's offerin' a big reward.

NASTICUS. You don't say! Well, I guess I'll win that money. I'll bring him the lady. *(GINGER laughs and laughs. NASTICUS looks hurt.)* What's the matter?

GINGER. Excuse me, boss, but you couldn't find no lady.

NASTICUS. Why not?

GINGER. Why, you'd scare 'em all to death.

NASTICUS. You don't know me. I'm going to surprise them. There's a new coon in town, and his name's Willie Green. Watch me get that money.

(*Exit, L.*)

GINGER (*laughing*). Ha! (*Again.*) Ha! Them white men's crazy. Happy woman, eh? Takes dis here chicken to produce dat article. Wish my yaller gal were here now. I'd show him de happiest female in all Timbuctoo.

(*Introduce a "coon song" here. At the end the orchestra leader throws GINGER a bouquet of artificial flowers with a string on it, and as GINGER attempts to pick it up the leader pulls it away, and GINGER does a funny fall. Repeats the last chorus and exits at R. I E.*)

(*Enter PROF. and STELLA at R. U. E.*)

PROF. It is indeed a pleasure to meet you again. But who would have ever thought of coming across you here in this wild country?

STELLA. The pleasure is not all yours, my dear Peter, and I am as delighted to see a familiar face amongst all these heathens.

PROF. Surely you are not here all alone. Where is your husband?

STELLA. Oh, he is around somewhere with a lantern looking for a happy woman.

PROF. Looking for a happy woman? Why, what does he want with a happy woman, especially when he is so fortunate as to have you?

STELLA. Oh, you flatterer! I suppose if he finds one he will put her in a tent and exhibit her all over the world as the greatest living curiosity.

PROF. Is a happy woman such a curiosity?

STELLA. I don't think so, do you?

PROF. Well, after giving the matter most careful thought—and taking into consideration my personal experience with womankind—I am compelled by my respect of truth to answer in the affirmative.

STELLA. Oh, Professor, how can you even think of such dreadful things, let alone saying them?

PROF. So your husband is a showman?

STELLA. Yes, Will-um was always taken up with the circus business. Surely you remember William Slick?

PROF. What, "Billy" Slick from Squedunk, Maine? I should say I did. Why, we all used to go to school together. Indeed I remember when "Rube," you and I all went to the school down at the "Corners," and Bill and I would always try to bring you the reddest apple.

STELLA. Now, Professor —

PROF. Yes, indeed, and many was the fight we had in the winter as who would draw you home on a sled. But, Stella, you didn't marry Bill Slick, did you?

STELLA. Yes, I did, and it was your fault, too.

PROF. Ah, Stella, if you hadn't misunderstood me!

(PROF. and STELLA may sing "*We were lovers at school*" as a duet. At the conclusion RITA enters at R. I. E., crosses to them and angrily addresses STELLA.)

RITA. I'll teach you, you hussy, to flirt with my husband when my back is turned. Bah—I'd like to scratch your eyes out. And as for you—(turning to PROF.) you apology of a man—what are you doing here making love to a strange woman?

(Takes him by the ear and leads him off at R. I. E.)

PROF. Yes, my dear, I'm coming.

STELLA (watching them as they exit, then slowly crossing to L. 2 E., then turning and addressing the audience). Now, why shouldn't women vote?

(Exit at L. 2 E.)

(Enter NIKITA and SLICK at R. U. E., stop at a settee.)

SLICK. At last, my precious little pearl—my own sweet love—(dropping on one knee) my cherished one—at last I have the opportunity I have long sought for to tell you—my darling (with eyes on the ground; NIKITA exits quickly and quietly at R. 2 E. as MARIE enters at R. 2. E. and stands back of SLICK, silently laughing at him)—peaches and cream—of the fire that is eating me up all for the love of you. Precious one, I cannot live without you — (Looks up and sees that NIKITA has departed. Kneels on both knees. Then turns and continues speech to MARIE.) I must confess my pure unadulterated two pints to the quart love for you —

MARIE. Oh, come off your perch, birdie—Willie Green just told me that same old old story. Why don't you hunt up a new one and then perhaps you'll capture a good listener and one that will believe in you.

SLICK (*rising*). Oh, he did, did he? Who'd 'a' thunk it? (*Aside.*) I must change my tactics. Lovely weather for the time of year.

MARIE. Oh, my, no; it is entirely too warm for such a discussion.

SLICK. Well, what do you say to politics?

MARIE. I just love politics.

SLICK. Well, then, all right. (*They both take seats on the settee.*) First we have protection. That is, for example, I place my arm around your waist. (*He does so.*)

MARIE. Oh, I don't mind that. In fact I am a firm believer in protection.

SLICK. That's just fine, as it removes all chance of an argument. But how about reciprocity?

MARIE. As I understand the game of politics that too goes with reciprocity.

SLICK. Then you should put your arm around my neck.

MARIE (*doing so*). Oh, that too is a regular habit of mine—when hidden in a shady nook.

SLICK. Wow—wouldn't we look good in a New York flat together? (*Resume their former positions.*) But how about Free Trade?

MARIE. That too has its advantages—but it should not be practiced if it in any way causes hardship to home industries.

SLICK. Then I may kiss you without paying duty?

MARIE. But I am afraid in this instance Free Trade would cause hardship to your home industries.

SLICK. I am afraid I don't just understand?

MARIE. Kisses without duty break up families.

SLICK. I'll risk it if you will. Are you ready?

MARIE (*as if impatient*). Yes, yes, for goodness' sake. Don't keep me waiting.

SLICK (*straightening up looks admiringly at MARIE, who has puckered up her lips and is waiting*). I say, boys, don't you wish you were me? (*Takes her face in his hands and draws it toward him.*) Oh, my, but isn't that a lovely mouth? (*Almost kisses her, then draws back.*) Just sweet sixteen and never kissed. (*Another move as if to kiss her.*)

Sixteen to one. She's sixteen and I am one. (*Takes his hand and rubs one of her cheeks with his fingers.*) Oh, my, what a lovely complexion. (*Repeats the rubbing, but this time on the other cheek.*) Twenty-five cents a box. (*Another move as if to kiss her.*) But I could just die doing this. (*Repeats move as if to kiss her.*) And I would die if my wife were to see me. (*Takes her face in hands and looks admiringly at it. MARIE again puckers up her lips for a kiss.*) But I will do it if it kills me. Here goes —

MARIE. I think I hear some one coming.

(SLICK rises and looks off stage and across stage but always with his back to MARIE, who exchanges places with GINGER and then exits at R. 2 E. SLICK sits down without looking and kisses GINGER, who jumps up and runs off at R. 1 E.)

SLICK (*calling after him*). Say there—hold on—wait a minute. I don't mind changing my luck from white to black if you are only happy. (*Sees that it was GINGER.*) Well, well, who would 'a' thunk it? (*Enter RITA. Song by RITA may be introduced during which SLICK goes into hotel and reënters at end of song.*) Ah, ha! there's that freak. The new woman. Surely if any one is happy it must be she. (*Crosses to her, and bows.*) Pardon me, Madame, I thought you were Mrs. (*local name*)—but I see that I am mistaken.

RITA. Why, do you really think I resemble her in any way?

SLICK. Yes, indeed—you have such a happy expression!

RITA. But I'm not happy. Did you ever see a new woman that was really happy? Besides, just for a social position, I married a man old enough to be my father and I just caught him in the arms of another woman. Oh, how my heart yearns for some one to love—some one who will truly love me in return and be true to me.

SLICK. Don't despair, my darling, for you have just spoken the words that express the feelings of my own lonely heart. I too yearn for some one to love.

STELLA (*off stage at R. 2 E.*). Come in here, you old flirt, and put out that lantern.

RITA. There's the vile wretch who has stolen my husband from me.



SLICK. Great Cæsar, that is my wife ! You had better vanish if you don't want to lose your back hair. (*Exit RITA at R. U. E.*) Well, now, who'd 'a' thunk it ?

(*Introduce here a song by SLICK.*)

(*Enter STELLA at L. I E. Crosses over to SLICK.*)

STELLA. Now you come on into the house. You've got a reserved seat at a curtain lecture for about an hour and a half.

SLICK. Well, who'd 'a' thunk it ?

(*Exits into house, following STELLA.*)

(VIOLET, PANSY, GOLDIE, NIKITA and LILL, costumed similar to RITA, accompany her on the stage in a singing and dancing number. All carry canes with ribbons same as those used in cuffs and color of tie, each to use a different color. RITA wears a high hat, the others derbys or soft hats, but all alike. "The Twentieth Century Girls." At the close as they dance off GINGER comes dancing on at R. U. E., coming down front.)

GINGER. Hully gee, but I'se having fun. Golly—how mad that low white trash got when he kissed dis chile instead of dat white gal. I wants my honey. I wonder where she am. (*Sings "I want yer, my Honey." While singing GINGER has trouble with his feet, and concludes with his standing on his own foot at the conclusion of last verse.*) Git off my foot. I say git off my foot. If you don't get off my foot I'll smash you good and hard. (*Tries to pull one foot off the other.*) Git off my foot. (*Tries to walk away.*) If you don't git off my foot I'll separate yo' bref from yo' body.

(*Enter SLICK from inn with a shotgun in his hand.*)

SLICK. What's the matter, Charcoal ?

GINGER. Somebody am a-standing on my foot, an' he won't let me move, sah.

SLICK. You're on your own foot.

GINGER (*looking down and seeing that he is standing on his own foot*). Huh, golly, so I is. Gee whiz, an' it was me standin' on my own foot all dis time. I declare to goodness if I'd know'd that I'd a-pushed mahself away.



SLICK. Now I've got you for playing that trick on me.

GINGER. So you has. But you'se got to "cotch" dis nigger first. My hat—my hat—I want my hat.

*(Keeps repeating this ad lib. GINGER's hat has been tied to a black thread which is tied over a border and as he starts to run the hat is pulled up into the wings.)*

SLICK. Shut up, you fool nigger. I'll get you your hat. *(Takes his shotgun.)*

GINGER. Look at President Roosevelt hunting big game in Africa.

*(SLICK takes aim and fires. Old hats come falling down. GINGER runs, trying on first one and then another until he comes across his own hat.)*

SLICK. If I could only find a happy woman as easily as that. Hello, here's more of them.

*(All characters enter from both sides of the stage singing the chorus of the "Twentieth Century Girls" song above. Form in line for closing chorus or medley of popular songs, which any one understanding music can readily arrange.)*

CURTAIN

## ACT II

### THE FEVER

SCENE.—*The same as for previous Act.*

*(At the rise of the curtain opening chorus of some popular song with dances, etc., by the entire company. At conclusion of chorus all exeunt except the KING and GINGER.)*

KING. I say, coal dust, has the prime minister arrived yet with the happy woman?

GINGER. No, sah.

KING. What, not here yet? Well, this is a pretty serious how to do. The last day of my reign and no happy woman.

GINGER. Me royal kinglets seems to have something on his mind.

KING. So would you—if you had any mind.

GINGER. What would I be?

KING. Be in trouble.

GINGER. Oh, that is easily found if you are looking for it.

KING. Looking for what?

GINGER. Looking for trouble.

KING. This thing has got to stop.

GINGER. 'Deed, boss, I didn't start anything.

KING. Now don't get gay.

GINGER. You are the gayest thing around here.

KING. What's that? You pass right out of here.

GINGER. I said I hoped you didn't think I was gay.

*(Starts to leave.)*

KING. Oh, here, where are you going?

GINGER. To pass right out of here.

KING. Well, come back. Look here, you orang-outang!

GINGER. What lovely pet names he has got for me.

KING. You know time's up to-day.

GINGER. That's right, boss.

KING. If I don't produce one happy woman by the time of the Coronation to-day I'm a goner.

GINGER. My, my! You'll make an elegant funeral. Do I git ——

KING. Quit that talk. You make me nervous. Say, I have an idea.

GINGER. What's that, boss? About the funeral?

KING. No, no. You be the happy woman.

GINGER. What! Me?

*(Faints. Holds hand to head as if struck and reels backward.)*

KING. Yes, you. It will not prove difficult after I show you how. All you need to do is put on an old calico wrapper, and wear a broad smile, with an old bonnet and heavy black veil, and you will look for all the world like a happy woman.

GINGER. Play the happy woman? Well, I don't think. Your riddle book needs a set of new answers. It'd be beneath my manly dignity.

KING. What! Do you refuse? Who picked you up out of the gutter? Who bought you that plug hat? Who loaned you that boiled shirt? And when are you going to return to me my socks?

GINGER *(frightened)*. You—my lan', boss, don't talk dat-away!

KING. Now, will you be the happy woman?

GINGER. Does I get my salary raised?

KING. Yes, your back salary.

GINGER. Den I'll be de happy woman. Where do I do it?

KING. Right here. I'm going to have the throne set up here where it's nice and cool.

GINGER. What do I say?

KING. When I ask if there is a happy woman in this mighty assemblage, you say, "Yes, Your Majesty." Then I will ask you your name. You are to reply, "Mademoiselle La Tapioca." The next question will be your age. To this you answer hesitatingly, "Thirty-five."

GINGER. But, boss, I'se more dan forty.

KING. As a man you may be forty, but turning into a woman takes five years off your age right away.

GINGER. 'Deed, boss, I done never thought ob dat.

KING. After telling your age is thirty-five, you will be

asked whether married or single. You reply that you are a lonesome widow.

GINGER. Den I'se both married an' single. I must be a grass widow.

KING. The next question will be, "Why are you happy?" To this you answer, "Because your husband died and left you five hundred dollars life insurance."

GINGER. But I didn't ever get any five hundred dollars life insurance.

KING. Of course you don't get any five hundred dollars life insurance. You just pretend you got it.

GINGER. Oh, I gets it an' I done not get it. Dat's the usual way I gets mah salary. I gets it on the first of the month, but by the first of the next month I done don't get what was coming to me the first of last month nor de first of the month befo' dat.

KING. Your salary's got nothing to do with your being a happy woman. So we'll just drop it right here.

GINGER (*begins looking all over the ground; getting down on his hands and knees as if looking for something*). I don't see it nowhar, boss.

KING. What you looking for?

GINGER. Dat air salary what you said we'd drop right here.

KING. I didn't drop anything. Can you remember all the things I have told you to say?

GINGER. Has I got to say all dat?

KING. Yes, but that isn't much. Let me hear you repeat what I told you to say.

GINGER. I am de happy woman what walks right up and sits on the throne.

KING. No, you don't sit on the throne.

GINGER. What does I do den; spit on the throne?

KING. No, you don't spit on the throne.

GINGER. No, I spit on the floor.

KING. You just walk up to the throne and bow.

GINGER. Bow-wow! What am I now, a dog? I thought you said I was a shemale.

KING. No, you don't bow-wow like a dog. You salute by dropping your head.

GINGER. Go on; I don't drop my head. What would I do widout my head, I'd like to know? Just imagine me walking around wid no head! How would I feed myself

widout my mouth? How could I see or hear? I'd get run over wid the first automobile what come along.

KING. There, there. Just walk up to the throne in this manner. (*Shows him how to bow.*)

GINGER. Oh, why didn't you say so in the first place?

KING. What else are you to do?

GINGER. After I gets to the throne, I done tell 'em my name is I'm for sale Tapioca.

KING. Mademoiselle.

GINGER. Yes, dat am it. What you said La Tapioca. Den I says I'se a single widow, 'kase I wear black. An' dat—dat I've got to have five hundred dollars to make me happy.

KING. No, no, you are happy because your husband died and left you five hundred dollars insurance money. Not that you've got to have five hundred dollars to make you happy.

GINGER. Say, boss, couldn't you jes' let me have some of that five hundred dollars right now to make me feel happy?

KING. No, not a cent until after you tell your story.

GINGER (*resigned*). Well, all right.

KING. Do you think you can do it?

GINGER. I'll do it or bust.

KING. Well, here is a twenty-dollar bill; you go and pay for the ice-cream. The bill is three dollars.

GINGER. Jes' as you say, your Royal Highness. (*Aside.*) I wonder where he got so much money.

(*Exit the KING, R. 2 E.*)

(*Enter NASTICUS, L. 2 E., attired as a "dude" and called WILLIE GREEN.*)

NASTICUS. Aw thar, Ginger. I say, me deah boy, I've been looking for you all the morning. Here is a little letter I wish you to deliver to Princess Nikita. (*Hands GINGER a very large envelope with a red seal shaped like a heart on the reverse side.*) It is the regard expressed by my heart upon paper.

GINGER. Golly, why didn't you send it by freight instead of expressing it? It would have been cheaper.

NASTICUS. Aw, Ginger, deah boy, be careful, I say. That letter is very precious. You will—er—see that it reaches her ladyship unharmed, chappie, deah boy?



GINGER. Oh, she'll get it all right, all right.

NASTICUS. And here is something for your trouble. (*Hands coin.*) Er—I do hope it won't lead you into extravagance having such a large sum of money in your possession all at once.

(*Exit at L. I E.*)

GINGER (*looking at coin*). Oh, my, how generous. All of five cents. I hope he don't die from the enlargement of the heart.

(*Exit, R. U. E.*)

(*Enter PIPER at R. I E. Crosses to settee. Opens the paper he is carrying in his hand.*)

PIPER. I wonder if the advertisement of me new business is in the "Coomassi Daily Muck Rake." Ah, here is the "Want Column." It shure must be in here. For shure an' ain't it money we be after? (*Reads advertisements.*) "Annual sale now going on. Don't go elsewhere to be cheated; come here." (*Aside.*) I'll bet that store is crowded this morning wid bargain hunters trying to cheat the owner. He's too honest. The sheriff'll be selling him out next. "Wanted, an experienced nurse for a bottled baby." (*Aside.*) Shure an' dat baby must be smaller dan de ones I saw down at Coney Island in an incubator. But maybe they mane demijohn; that looks more like it dan a baby in a bottle. "Furnished apartments suitable for a gentelman with folding doors." (*Aside.*) Shure, now, but the cost of living be going up if one must carry their own doors wid them whin they rent a room. "Wanted, a room for two gentlemen about thirty feet long and twenty feet wide." (*Aside.*) That air "Slick" chap ought to see thim men. He wouldn't lave them in that room; he'd have them in a side show. "For sale, a pianoforte the property of a musician with carved legs." (*Aside.*) I wonder if that guy was in a battle or a railroad wreck. "Mr. Brown, the furrier, begs to announce that he will make up gowns, coats, capes, etc., for ladies out of their own skins or out of his." (*Reads a second time slowly.*) This shure must be some skin game. "Wanted, a boy who can open oysters with a reference." (*Aside.*) I wouldn't allow a boy around my place who could open oysters with a reference. He might open the safe. "Bulldog for sale." (*Aside.*) That's just

what I'm looking for. (*Reads on.*) "Will eat anything; very fond of children." (*Aside.*) Oh, no, I don't want that bulldog. I've got no "kiddies" at my house and he might get hungry and eat me. "Wanted, an organist and a boy to blow the same." (*Aside.*) The choir leader is soldiering on his job. He usually blows up the organist whenever the bunch strike a bum note. Here's another freak for Slick's Side Show. "Wanted, a boy to be partly outside and partly behind the counter." (*Aside.*) They don't want a boy—they want the Siamese twins. "Lost near Broadway and River Road, an umbrella belonging to a gentleman with a bent rib and a bone handle." Oh, yes, here 'tis, is it. "The Timbuctoo Industrial Promulgator Company. Capital stock, fifty million piasters. The Hon. Piper Heidseick, president. Any person or persons overburdened with tainted money and desirous of getting rid of their troublesome wealth without pain or annoyance can do so by our new improved get rich quick process. They will find it to our advantage to let this company spend it for them in various money losing enterprises. Investments made without investigation. Call at once at Suite Sixteen Bunco Building, Broadway, Coomassi, Timbuctoo. The subscription books never close." (*To the audience.*) Ah, that surely should do the trick. Soon I will be rolling in wealth. Here comes me first customer.

(*Enter PROF. at L. I E.*)

PROF. Good-morning, Irish.

PIPER. Don't call me Irish.

PROF. I just heard about your disposing of the hotel at a handsome profit. I must congratulate you upon your remarkable business ability. I don't see how you could ever get any one to buy that tumble-down ruin. .

PIPER. Oh, that wasn't hard to accomplish, if one fully understands the situation.

PROF. Why, what made it so easy?

PIPER. Oh, the fellow that bought me out is a carpenter by trade, and the Carpenter's Union is on a strike and he wanted something to do.

PROF. Wanted something to do?

PIPER. Yes; don't you see? He can fix the place up and not lose his card.

PROF. I suppose you now will return to your native country and live in ease the remainder of your life.

PIPER. Oh, no, not me. I haven't made my pile as yet. You see the reason I sold me swell elegant hotel was so as to give me entire attention to me new business.

PROF. What kind of business have you engaged in?

PIPER. In the mining business.

PROF. In the mining business!

PIPER. Yis.

PROF. Mining what?

PIPER. Minding me own business. But—I don't mind telling you it—I am now president of the Timbuctoo Industrial Promulgator Company.

PROF. What kind of a company is that?

PIPER. Well, siveral of us monied men of this country, realizing Timbuctoo has a brilliant future before it as an industrial center, have organized a company for this purpose, knowing that the first in the field are sure to reap the larger benefits.

PROF. What industries have you in mind?

PIPER. There are several. First, we propose crossing the lightning bug with the honey bee.

PROF. And what do you expect to gain by crossing the lightning bug with the honey bee?

PIPER. The honey bee will then be able to work at night—thus increasing its output fully one hundred per cent.

PROF. Why, of course that is true.

PIPER. Second, we intend crossing the centipede with its many legs with the hog.

PROF. What do you expect to gain from that hybrid?

PIPER. That will enable us to gain a hundred shoulders and hams from one hog.

PROF. Indeed, you've given your new project considerable thought.

PIPER. The third plan involves the grafting of strawberries with the milkweed.

PROF. I suppose you plan by that process to increase the output of a strawberry plant by increasing the size of the plant.

PIPER. You're off your trolley, professor. This will enable us to gather strawberries and cream off the same plant.

PROF. Strawberries and cream from the same plant—ah, now I see.

PIPER. Do you wish to invest any of your superfluous hard earned coin in the preferred stock, guaranteed to lose fully ten per cent. the first year? We have a few shares unsubscribed for that are selling below par.

PROF. Your company is only a bunco game.

(PROF. *indignant starts toward* L. I E.)

PIPER. What—going? So you don't want any stock—eh? Well, all I've got to say before we part is that you are missing a chance to get in on the ground floor in a good thing.

(PROF. *exits at* L. I E. PIPER *may sing a typical Irish song here. After the last chorus* PRINCE *enters at* R. 2 E.)

PRINCE. Hello, Irish.

PIPER. Don't call me Irish!

PRINCE. Say, look what I found down the street. Can you beat it?

(*Enter* NASTICUS *as* WILLIE *at* R. U. E., *with his arm out as if a lady held it. He is pretending to be holding a conversation with his companion.*)

PIPER. Well, where did that grow? (NASTICUS *continues the pantomime conversation, crosses to one of the settees, stops, takes out his pocket handkerchief, lays it very carefully but fully spread out upon the settee and bows and offers the seat as if to a lady.*) Say, I'm goin' to ring for the patrol. He ought to be in the funny-house.

(*Starts to leave by* L. I E.)

PRINCE. Go on—I'll stay and watch him. (*Exit* PIPER L. *The* PRINCE *stands and watches* NASTICUS, *who, after bowing, takes a seat as if by a female companion. Continues in pantomime a spooning conversation, as if first holding her hand, putting his arm around her waist, then as if hugging, kissing, and drops on his knees as if proposing. At this point the* PRINCE *walks up to him and slaps him on the back.*) Well, old boy, what is the matter?

NASTICUS (*rising and brushing off his knees, in pantomime requests the lady to excuse him, bows, with hat in hand, and turns to the* PRINCE). Ah, me, deah prince, your lovely sistah has returned to me—aw—my lettah that I—aw—sent her this morning in which I offered her—

aw—my heart and hand. And—aw—I was—er—just keeping my hand in practice so as to make a—aw—propah love to the next lady. It's awful to be turned down, deah prince.

PRINCE (*looking at NASTICUS suspiciously*). Say, do you know a man named Nasticus?

NASTICUS. S-s-sh! My name's Willie Green—Willie Green. Don't forget it. I'm looking for the happy woman.

PRINCE (*laughing*). You too! Well, everybody's doing it. I must get into the game myself. Now I'll tell you about lovely woman as she really is. (*Introduce here song "A Summer Night" from "Wang." At conclusion the PRINCE takes NASTICUS by the arm as PIPER enters L.*) Come on now, my boy, and I'll introduce you to a lady who's crazy to meet you.

(*Exeunt R.*)

PIPER. If she wants to meet that feller she must be crazy. Hey, Ginger! (*Enter GINGER, L.*) There's two more guys lookin' for a happy woman. Now I've got an idea.

GINGER. Good. They're scarce around here. Let her come slow, boss.

PIPER. No real woman is really happy.

GINGER. Dat's right, boss.

PIPER. Then we've got to make a woman to order. Let's see what we can do with those dolls of mine.

GINGER. Fine, boss.

(*Brings the first doll from R. U. E.*)

(*The Parisian dancing dolls.—VIOLET, GOLDIE, PANSY, NIKITA and LILL are dressed to resemble dolls, in white sheer material, trimmed each with a different color of ribbon, child fashion. One may be dressed like a rag doll if desired. GINGER brings each doll to an entrance, the first at R. U. E., the next L. U. E., then R. 2 E., etc. He winds them up, and they walk to their places across the stage. Business may be introduced in keeping them in position. Some may fall over, holding up hand awkwardly, etc. NIKITA should be brought down C. and PIPER should announce that this is the only talking and singing as well as dancing doll ever perfected. He touches buttons here and there, and the doll carries on a conversation and sings.*)

PIPER. What is your name?



NIKITA. Blanchette.

PIPER. Whom do you love?

NIKITA. Pa-pa—and—mam-ma—and —— Blanchette hungry.

PIPER. You're like all actors—always hungry. Who else do you love?

NIKITA. Blanchette—loves—can-can-candy.

PIPER. Blanchette loves candy. So do all little girls ——

NIKITA. And—big ones, too.

PIPER (*to GINGER*). Now, listen to this. (*To NIKITA.*) Are you happy?

NIKITA (*waving her arms and smiling*). Oh—so—happy!

PIPER. There you are. I guess that's a poor idea of mine—not? The money comes this way.

GINGER. Don't forget me when you're rich, boss.

PIPER. Don't worry. Now a little song, Blanchette. (*NIKITA sings some little childish ditty.*) Now we will introduce to your attention our coterie of Parisian Coryphee dolls. (*A dance is played, a waltz, schottische, fancy or skirt dance. The dolls dance to it about stage, bumping into each other, and as the dance proceeds first one and then the other runs down. As they run down they assume awkward positions, such as falling over, front, backward, sitting on the floor, one arm up, a leg outright, etc. As this happens, each time GINGER rushes to them, picks them up, rewinds with a ratchet toy, and starts them off dancing again. At the conclusion of the dance a chord is played and they all stop dancing, assuming position of being unwound. At second chord they all straighten up. The third chord is a signal for them to bow, and then walk off, doll-fashion, R.*) Just in time. There comes the King. He must not see these dolls yet.

GINGER (*frightened*). The King! My golly, he mustn't see dis doll, either.

(*He starts R., walking stiffly like one of the dolls.*)

(*Enter the KING, L.*)

KING. Here, come back, you imp. (*Runs to GINGER.*) Where is that seventeen dollars change you owe me?

GINGER (*continuing to walk like a doll*). I'm a doll. I can't hear you.

KING (*taking him by the ear*). I know a grand cure for that kind of deafness. (*Leads GINGER down c.*) Now, where's that seventeen dollars?

GINGER. Seventeen dollars? Why, you owe me that amount.

KING. How do you make that out?

GINGER. You gave me twenty dollars, didn't you? And the ice-cream bill was three dollars. There is the receipt for three dollars (*handing paper*), and don't seventeen and three make twenty?

KING (*counting up*). Hold on; don't give it to me so fast. I'm no animated arithmetic or lightning calculator. (*With one hand he counts three on his fingers, his back being turned to GINGER. With the other hand he counts seventeen. Then he counts the three first on one hand and then the seventeen on the other hand, but slowly, losing count several times. But at last seems to be satisfied.*) You are right. You gave me a receipt for three dollars, and here is your seventeen dollars. (*Hands GINGER several bills, counting them aloud.*) That makes twenty dollars, doesn't it?

GINGER. Right you are, boss.

(*Then hurriedly exits at L. I E.*)

PIPER. That looks like easy money. Watch me get some of it.

(*Goes out L. and immediately returns with suit-case.*)

KING. Here is a chance to make money on Emerald Isle. Hello, Irish.

PIPER. Don't call me Irish. Oh, so it is you, Your Majesty?

KING. Got a new suit there?

PIPER. No, it's an old one. Say, the court tailor just put me on to a good thing.

KING (*eagerly*). What is it?

PIPER. How to make trousers last.

KING. How?

PIPER. Make the coat and vest first.

KING. This thing has got to stop. Look here; give me three dollars and I'll give you twenty.

PIPER (*setting down his suit-case*). I'll do that.

(*Takes out three bills and hands to the KING, who in return hands him a yellow bill, or counts as before, "Five, ten," etc. PIPER takes the money, picks up his suit-case, and exits at L. I E.*)

KING (*looking at the three bills*). Wasn't he easy? (*Stops and thinks. Slowly.*) Let—me—see? That's right—three for twenty. I am seventeen dollars ahead of the game. Seventeen and three—— (*Then it dawns upon him.*) Stung! Hold on there; this thing has got to stop. (*Runs after PIPER, who reënters at L. I E.*)

PIPER. What's the matter? Are you a squealer?

KING. Squealer or no squealer, I'm out seventeen dollars just the same.

PIPER. Well, I'll give you a chance to get it back.

KING. How?

PIPER. Why, I'll bet you twenty dollars that you can't carry that valise across the stage and back again and not set it down.

(*Walks across with the suit-case and back again and sets it down.*)

KING. I'm game.

PIPER. Well, then, cover that.

(*Lays a bill on the stage.*)

KING (*doing the same with bill*). And I'll bet you another twenty that I win both bets, just to show you I'm no tin-horn sport. (*Puts down a second bill. PIPER covers it with another bill. KING picks up the suit-case and easily carries it across to R., then back to L., then back to C.*) Why, this is a lead pipe cinch.

(*Sets down the suit-case and makes a dive for the money, just as PIPER puts his foot on it.*)

PIPER. You lose. (*Stoops over and picks it up.*)

KING. How do you make that out?

PIPER. Didn't you just set the suit-case down?

KING. You're right. (*Looks off L. and sees GINGER coming.*) Say, does Ginger know this one? He played the other one on me and I would like to win my money back.

PIPER. No, Ginger don't know this one.

KING. Ho, Ginger, you trigonometry computator, come hither!

GINGER (*sticking his head out at L. I E.*). Did you call me, boss? (*Aside.*) Here's where I've got to scrap for them seventeen bones I done the old man out of.

KING. Want to get in a gentleman's game of chance? Understand, I say a gentleman's game of chance. Not a sandbag-up-a-dark-alley game like you are accustomed to.

GINGER (*aside*). He ain't so mad. (*To the KING.*) Sure, boss, I'll take a lone hand with you. What is it—pinochle, poker, or solitaire?

(*Crosses to where PIPER and the KING are standing.*)

KING. I'll bet you twenty that you can't carry this suitcase across the stage and back again without setting it down.

GINGER. I'se only got seventeen dollars, boss, but I'll bet the whole seventeen at once.

KING. Oh, I'll trust you for the other three. Here goes.

(*He lays down a yellow bill.*)

GINGER (*slowly dropping the seventeen bills he has in hand, then quickly pulling out the other roll and putting that down*). And I'll bet you another seventeen that I win the bet.

KING (*quickly covering it with another bill*). And I'll bet you a third twenty that I win both bets.

PIPER. The race is on; no more bets taken.

GINGER (*picking up the valise and sliding to L. I E., touching proscenium.*) First base. (*Then crosses to R. I E., as before, calling out.*) Safe on second. (*Turns and comes to C.; stoops as if to lay down the bag, but instead picks up a bill and kisses it.*) Runner safe at third base.

KING (*jumping up and down with glee*). I win—I win!

(*Rushes for the money, but PIPER prevents his taking it as GINGER continues on to L. I E., and hangs the bag up on a nail there; returns to C.*)

GINGER. Gib me de jack-pot, ole man.

KING. How do you win? Didn't you set it down over there?

GINGER. No, you boob, I hung it up.

KING (*turning and looking*). Oh, piffle ! so he did.

(GINGER *picks up the money with glee and exits at R. I E.*)

PIPER (*crossing to L. I E., taking suit-case down and turning to the KING*). Ginger seems to know all the good games, eh ?

(*Exit at L. I E.*)

KING. This thing has got to stop. I'd better pass right out of here or that animated bunch of coal tar will flimflam me out of my gold teeth.

(*Exit at R. U. E.*)

(*The Timbuctoo Belles may be introduced here in a tambourine fancy dress drill. This drill used with a waltz step or Spanish dance movement can be adapted from a Tambourine Drill obtained from the publisher, STELLA, RITA, NIKITA, MARIE, LILL, VIOLET, PANSY and GOLDIE participating. At the conclusion PIPER and the KING enter together at R. I E.*)

PIPER. I understand you're looking for a happy woman ?

KING. Yes, my precious neck depends upon one being produced in this country or give up my job. And the time's up to-day.

PIPER. You know old Doctor Bragg, who was here last winter ? He told me one day that the only way to get a happy woman is to fish for her.

KING. Fishing for women ! I never heard of such a thing.

PIPER. Well, it won't hurt to try it.

KING. Oh, all right ; the excitement will help keep my mind off my troubles ; but where shall we get the fish poles, hooks and lines ?

(*Enter SLICK, L., carrying poles and lines.*)

PIPER. Here, old man. Want to sell your outfit ?

SLICK. Oh, I don't know. Goin' fishin' ?

KING. Yes ; we're going fishing for a happy woman.

SLICK. I've got just what you want—the invincible fish pole, hook and line, that is warranted never to fail.

KING. We'll take a couple right off the bat.

SLICK. Here you are, gentlemen. (PIPER and the KING



*take the poles and start to cross to L. 2 E.)* Wait just a minute, gentlemen. You've neglected the most important part of the transaction.

KING. And what is that?

SLICK. Why, the mazuma—the coin of the realm.

KING. Well, if that goes with the outfit why don't you trot it out?

PIPER. He means you've neglected to pay for the poles.

KING. Oh, is that what he is driving at? Why the dickens didn't he say so in the first place? (*To SLICK.*) Well, what is the damage?

SLICK. Those poles will cost you just one hundred dollars each.

KING. One hundred dollars for an old fishing pole? Here, take it back.

SLICK. But these are magic poles, guaranteed to catch whatever the owner fishes for.

PIPER. Remember the happy woman and your precious neck. (*Makes a motion with hand across throat as if to cut off head.*) Surely it's worth a couple of hundred to save that.

SLICK. The regular price is two hundred and fifty dollars each, but as I have only a few left, I'm making the price one hundred each.

KING. I never yet did see anything for a woman that didn't come high. Well, here's your two hundred, you old fakir.

(*Hands him the money. PIPER and the KING again start to cross to L. 2 E.*)

SLICK. Hold on, gentlemen; you've neglected the most important part of your outfit.

KING (*coming back*). Now what kind of a hold up game are you trying to pull off?

SLICK. Why, you haven't any bait.

PIPER. What kind of bait should we have?

SLICK. I'll show you. (*Crosses to R. 2 E., and brings out an apple and an orange.*) Here is the bait to catch a happy woman with. Sweets to the sweet.

(*SLICK hands orange to PIPER and the apple to the KING.*)

KING. It was an apple that caused unhappiness to Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden.

PIPER. And I suppose now it works the other way—it is an orange that will cause happiness to Mother Eve's daughters in the Garden of Love.

KING. Well, I suppose this is the right kind of bait. How much is it?

SLICK. Fifty dollars for the apple, and the same for the orange.

KING. What! Fifty dollars for an old wormy apple?

SLICK. But this apple was picked from the same tree that Eve plucked her apple from.

KING. I don't want Mother Eve—she's too old to be happy. Here's your antiquated apple. Come on, Irish. I know a good place to dig some big fat and juicy angle-worms. *(Starts to leave.)*

PIPER. Who ever heard of catching a woman with a worm?

KING. It isn't because I haven't the hundred for the bait that I'm kicking, it's the encouragement we're giving to this fish bait trust.

PIPER. Isn't your precious neck worth another hundred?

KING. That's so—I forgot all about that. Here's your hundred. Now where are we going to fish?

PIPER. Why, from off the dock, of course.

KING. Off the dock? Dock who?

PIPER. Dock who? Why, dock nobody. Don't you know what a dock is?

KING. I would if I could see one.

*(Turns and looks all around.)*

PIPER *(to SLICK)*. Say, young man, could you direct us to a dock to fish from?

SLICK. Why, certainly. *(Points off to L. 2 E.)* Here's one.

*(At this a counter or table on rollers with a scene painted across the front and the ends made to resemble a dock is quickly shoved out from the wings. It should be about four feet long and three feet wide with four stools or boxes or nail kegs on it.)*

PIPER *(standing in front of it)*. There's a dock.

KING. Look out or you'll get your feet wet.

PIPER. No danger now; the tide is out.

KING. Do we fish from that ?

PIPER. Why, certainly. (*Jumps up on dock and sits on box.*) Come on up here.

(*Exit SLICK, R. 2 E. KING attempts to get up by putting foot up on table. After a few funny falls, PIPER takes him by the hand and pulls him up on the table.*)

KING. Look out you don't let me fall, or I'll drown.

(*Both put the bait on their lines, then throw the lines out as if to fish. Ad lib. talk about fishing ; get their lines tangled up, then untangled, and throw them out again as VIOLET approaches from L. 2 E.*)

PIPER. Keep quiet ; here comes a bluefish.

(*VIOLET enters at L. 2 E., attired in a blue dress. She strolls by the dock, paying no attention to the bait, then turns and walks back. Both try to get her attention by dangling the bait in front of her and pointing at it. As VIOLET gets in front of the apple she takes hold of it.*)

KING (*begins jumping up and down*). I've got a bite. I've got a bite.

PIPER. Keep still, or you'll drive all the fish away.

(*VIOLET takes a bite out of the apple and then continues on way back to L. 2 E., and exits.*)

KING. That wasn't a bluefish—that was a catfish.

(*Both resume the pantomime fishing and ad lib. conversation.*)

(*Enter PROF. and NASTICUS, L. U. E., the latter still disguised as WILLIE GREEN.*)

PROF. Hello, are you fishing ?

KING. No, we're just dropping a line to the folks at home.

NASTICUS. I say, old chap, are the—aw—fish biting ?

KING. No, but the mosquitoes are.

(*Slaps his cheek as if killing one.*)

NASTICUS. What are you fishing for ?

KING. A happy woman.

NASTICUS. Oh, by Jove, I must be in this. May we join you?

PIPER. Come on in; the water's fine.

NASTICUS. I say, old chappy, would you mind telling me where to get a pole and line?

KING. There's a telegraph pole on the next block.

*(Enter SLICK at R. 2 E.)*

SLICK. Do you gentlemen wish to fish?

PROF. Yes, kindly bring us a couple of poles.

SLICK *(doing so and handing one to PROF. and the other to NASTICUS)*. The price is one hundred dollars each.

NASTICUS. Talk about the high price of eggs!

PROF. Well, my man, here is your money.

*(Gives a couple of yellow bills to SLICK. PROF. and NASTICUS start to go to dock.)*

SLICK. Wait a moment, gentlemen; you haven't any bait.

PROF. Oh, yes, I forgot about the bait. How much will that be?

SLICK. Ten cents to you.

KING *(to PIPER)*. Did you hear that? He only charges them ten cents for the bait, and we had to pay fifty dollars.

PIPER. Don't you care. What kind of woman can you catch with ten cent bait?

PROF. Well, give us the bait.

*(SLICK hands a pair of long gloves to NASTICUS and a woman's hat to PROF. They fasten them on their lines. Exit SLICK, R. All four dangle lines.)*

*(Enter PANSY at L. 2 E. She strolls toward the dock. All try to attract her attention by dangling their bait before her eyes. PANSY strolls past dock, winks and nods at PIPER as she passes.)*

PIPER *(crying out)*. I've got a bite.

*(PANSY turns at R. 2 E. and nods to PIPER to come on. She strolls down C. PIPER jumps down from dock and catches up with PANSY, puts arm around her and crosses to L. 1 E.)*

KING. Ask her if she's happy. Ask her if she's happy.

(PANSY *refuses to let PIPER go farther than L. 1 E., and as she exits PIPER returns to his place on the dock.*) Wasn't she happy?

PIPER. She said she couldn't be happy with all those monkeys looking at her.

*(All four resume fishing as before.)*

(GOLDIE, VIOLET, LILL and PANSY *enter at R. U. E., and stroll across toward the dock. The men on the dock commence waving their hands and hats at them as they approach, and wave the bait in front of their faces as the four girls pass by the bait. They don't look at the bait, dock or fishermen. Exeunt at L. 2 E.*)

PROF. Gentlemen, after much careful observation and deep study I've come to the conclusion that this bait is no good.

PIPER. What would you suggest?

PROF. There are two things that womankind are most susceptible to.

NASTICUS. Ice-cream soda and bonbons.

PROF. That's for the *débutantes*. But the woman of society is attracted by either a title or money.

KING. I have the coronet.

PIPER. But who wants a second hand title—Mrs. Ex-King.

KING. Well, I ain't broke, an' I never did think this Italian Fruit Stand Sweets to the Sweet at fifty a throw would even catch a crab, let alone a real live mermaid.

PIPER. I think myself the Professor has solved the bait question.

*(All four take the bait off their hooks and put on yellow bills just as the four girls reënter at L. 1 E. They cross to dock, each taking hold of a line and the four men jump down from the dock and stroll off with the girls, with their arms around their waists. The dock is drawn off stage. All except KING and GOLDIE exeunt R. 2 E.)*

KING. Tell me, pretty one—could you be happy with me?

GOLDIE. Oh, I don't know. How?

KING. How would you like me for a husband?



GOLDIE. Oh, I had such an awful dream about husbands last night.

KING. I hope I was in it.

GOLDIE. Oh, you were.

KING. Ah! (*Comes closer to her.*) Tell me about it.

GOLDIE. Well, I was in a market—the marriage market.

KING. H'm—h'm. Well?

GOLDIE. And they were selling husbands.

KING. And you got one?

GOLDIE. No. I hadn't enough money.

KING. How much did they cost?

GOLDIE. The kind I really wanted cost a hundred thousand dollars. But there were some I liked pretty well as low as fifteen thousand.

KING. And how much was I marked?

GOLDIE. Oh, they were selling your kind in bunches, a dollar seventy-five a bunch. (*Runs off laughing, L.*)

KING. Stung again. This thing has got to stop. Now where am I going to find the happy woman? If she doesn't turn up in a short time I lose my crown and my head. And then where would I wear my hat? Ah, Slick's wife. I'll get even here for the fish poles. (*Enter STELLA L. 2 E. and crosses to L. C. The KING crosses to her and bows.*) Good-morning, my good woman! Why this worried look upon your face, so usually graced with smiles of happiness and content?

STELLA. You are right, kind and noble sire. Smiles of happiness and content are missing from my countenance, I admit. How could it be otherwise? (*Sobs.*) My heart is broken—and—and—my husband has deserted me. He's gone (*sobbing louder*) on a fool's errand looking for a happy woman. (*Sobs.*) The goodness knows where he is. (*Louder sobs.*) And here—here—I am without friends or a home. (*Throws herself on to the KING loudly crying.*)

KING (*aside*). Now to mend that broken heart with royal glue. (*To STELLA.*) Don't weep, fair one. (*Tenderly pats her head.*) You are not without home or friends. For my home shall be your home. And I'll be your friend and more. Stella, my darling, my love, do you think you could be happy as my queen? Think, Stella, my cherished one—the wife of the King of Timbuctoo. (*Aside.*) For about three hours.

STELLA (*aside*). The wife of a King. Glorious. (*To*

the KING.) Your offer is so sudden and I am so young and so shy and oh, so inexperienced. I hardly know what to say. You had better ask papa! (*The KING starts to walk away. STELLA throws herself into his arms again.*) I am yours—yours forever. I'm the happiest woman in Timbuctoo. (*Hugs him again.*)

KING. Saved.

STELLA. And our wedding will be to-morrow.

KING (*aside*). Not if I see you first.

(*STELLA and the KING introduce here a song similar to "The Widow Song" from "Wang," at the conclusion of which they exeunt at L. I E. arm in arm.*)

(*Enter NIKITA at R. U. E. ; comes down front and sings any recent song and chorus, at the conclusion of which she crosses to L. I E., and looks off, then announces in a dramatic tone.*)

NIKITA. Ah, I hear footsteps approaching on roller skates. 'Tis he—the base violin. (*Crosses to C.*)

(*Enter NASTICUS as WILLIE GREEN at L. I E. ; crosses to C.*)

NASTICUS (*dramatically*). Ah, we again meet. I know you. You are your mother's daughter.

NIKITA. A-las, a-las, 'tis true. Oh, kind fate, why did you ever let the secret be discovered? (*Bows her head.*)

NASTICUS. Aw—er—discovered?

NIKITA. Yes, discovered. Will you give me back the sewing-machine you took from around my neck? 'Twas placed there by my mother when father went away and left us fireless with plenty of money.

NASTICUS. Oh, ho! so it is you—Laura Jean Libbey—you—you—you. That face. How it haunts me. Night and morn, 'tis ever before me. Will you never change it?

NIKITA. My child, my child! Oh, give me back my child, and spare my pocketbook.

NASTICUS (*to audience*). Say, if any of you has this lady's child just you give it back to her. See! (*To NIKITA.*) What is it that you want? Information or a long chat?

NIKITA. Listen. Seventeen years ago to-night you murdered me on the old bridge by moonlight. I have followed your footsteps ever since that memorable occasion,

and at last I have discovered you. Ah, revenge is sweet !  
 You must marry me or be my husband. (*Tragically.*)  
 Ha—ha—ha —

NASTICUS. So we've met before. And you—you are the  
 woman that gave me your seat in the trolley car.

NIKITA. (*demurely*). Yes, 'tis I, kind sir.

NASTICUS. Why did you do it ?

NIKITA. To see how I stood with you.

NASTICUS. You can read your answer in the stars.  
 Listen to what I have written. (*Takes paper from pocket  
 and reads.*)

I know a little girl that is nice ;  
 She's the one desire of my life.  
 I wish she would get off the ice,  
 And become my own little wife.

NIKITA. Isn't that lovely ?

NASTICUS. Your answer ?

NIKITA. I don't think you'll do.

NASTICUS. Well, that will be a great disappointment to  
 my brother.

NIKITA. Your brother ? What has he to do with it ?

NASTICUS. He wanted you to be a sister-in-law to him.

NIKITA. I'll think it over.

NASTICUS. And the Prince said the deah girl loved me !

(*Trumpets and drums heard off. The throne is pushed in  
 and is set up C. Enter PIPER followed by SLICK, STELLA,  
 LILL, PANSY, VIOLET, GOLDIE, PROF. and RITA. Exit  
 NASTICUS, R. Enter L., the KING, who takes his place on  
 throne.*)

KING. Piper, let the festivities begin. Make the procla-  
 mation. (*Groans.*)

PIPER. Hear ye ! Hear ye ! By the constitution of  
 Timbuctoo the monarch must at the end of the twenty-fifth  
 year of his reign abdicate in favor of the Crown Prince, and  
 produce one happy woman or lose his life. Now the hour  
 has come !

KING (*groaning*). Don't say that.

PIPER. The hour has come, and everybody is tickled to  
 death.

*(Introduce here Dance of Roses, or other dance or drill.)*

*(Enter the PRINCE, L.)*

KING. What are you doing here? It seems to me you are in an awful hurry to be king.

PRINCE. It is my deal now.

KING. What's trumps?

PRINCE. Clubs.

KING (*sighing*). All right. You win. (*Calls off.*) Oh, Nasticus!

*(Enter NASTICUS, R., in original costume. He carries crown and sceptre on a dark red pillow.)*

NASTICUS. The crown, Your Majesty. (*Bows.*)

*(The KING holds up his hand for silence. The PRINCE kneels in front of throne. The KING places crown on his head, hands him the sceptre, and steps down from throne, which the PRINCE mounts.)*

KING. Long live King Kaciack. (*All cheer.*) And then hurray for me. (*Nobody cheers.*) Well, I can do my own cheering. I'm going to have a good time at last.

*(Chucks GOLDIE under the chin.)*

PRINCE. But I'm sorry to remind you of something. How about the happy woman?

KING. Oh, I forgot that female. Dear me! And if I don't produce her I lose my head?

PRINCE. That's the law.

KING (*to SLICK*). Why didn't you find that lady?

SLICK. I had troubles of my own.

KING. Well, I expected a lady. (*Looks around.*) Ah, here she is. (*Pulls GINGER on R. I E.*) Your Majesty, here's the happy woman.

*(GINGER, dressed in accordance with the instructions of the KING at beginning of act, stands R.)*

PRINCE. Please step forward. (*GINGER starts for throne but has difficulty in walking, tripping over dress, hat getting awry, etc.*) Your name, madame?

GINGER. Who, me? Why, you know me.

PRINCE. I haven't that honor.

GINGER. What, don't know Gin ——

KING. Be careful there, I say.

GINGER. Oh, yes, my name. Madamselle de Cuckoo—  
de strawberry woman.

PRINCE. Your residence?

GINGER. My which?

PRINCE. Where do you live?

GINGER. Oh, is that what you mean? Why, I lives  
wid you.

KING. The lady means to say she lives in Timbuctoo.

GINGER. I guess dat's right, boss. You didn't done  
tole me that answer.

PRINCE. Your age?

GINGER. Oh, I'm more than seven.

PRINCE. Married or single?

GINGER. Single; mah honey wouldn't hab me.

KING. You lost your husband, did you not?

GINGER. Oh, I'se done forgot I was a widow.

PRINCE. Are you happy?

GINGER. Oh, deedie—yas, sah, I'se happy.

PRINCE. Why are you happy?

GINGER. Let me see. What did you done tole me dat  
answer was, boss?

PRINCE. Nasticus, have the guards seize that woman.  
She's an impostor.

GINGER. Here, you, don't you go calling me names or  
I'll take you across my knee and spank you; 'deed I will.  
(NASTICUS *takes hold of GINGER's arm.*) Heh, you dar,  
Boney Legs, let go of my arm, or I'll swat you.

PRINCE. Remove her disguise. Let us see who dares  
impose upon the royalty of Timbuctoo.

(NASTICUS *removes hat and veil.*)

ALL. Ginger! How clever!

GINGER. I wuz a widow, now I'se a impositor.

KING. Oh, I might have known that bonehead would  
get me into trouble.

PRINCE (*to the KING*). I'm sorry, but you know the law.  
(*To NASTICUS.*) Do your duty.

(NASTICUS *seizes the KING.*)



KING. Say, hold on. (*Looks around.*) Do you know what this means to me?

ALL (*groaning*). Alas, yes!

(*Draw their fingers across throats.*)

KING. Now, that'll do. You make my collar feel about six sizes too large. (*To the PRINCE.*) This thing has got to stop.

PRINCE. You're right. It has gone far enough. The happy woman is here.

ALL. Where? Who is she?

(*The PRINCE comes down and takes MARIE by the hand.*)

PRINCE. This little lady has promised to share the throne with me. (*To MARIE.*) Are you a happy woman, sweetheart?

MARIE. Yes, my Prince.

KING (*to MARIE*). I never saw any woman whose appearance I liked so well. Bless you, my children. I'm goin' fishin'.

(*The PRINCE and MARIE mount throne. The others form an effective group around them. Final chorus or medley of popular songs.*)

CURTAIN

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